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The Bloody Gardner's

GARLAND

Consisting of a Variety of

NEW SONGS,

1 The Bloody Gardner.
2 The Sailor's Return.
3 The Quaker's Courtship.

M. Angus and Son, Printers, Newcastle.

The Bloody Gardener.

YOU conſtant lovers all pray lend an ear,
To this relation which I bring you here;
'Tis of a maiden fair,
A Shepherd's daughter dear,
True lover did prove her overthrow.

She was a beauty bright both fair and clear.
And by a noble lord ſhe courted were;
She was too young we find,
As yet fond love to mind
But little Cupid her heart did enſnare.

His parents were very high now in degree,
They ſaid my ſon, ſhe is no match for thee;
If you'd our bleſſings have,
Grant us both what we crave,
Pray wed none but to whom we ſhall agree.

For you my ſon I've choſe a charming bride,
She is young and rich and beautiful beſide;
Of temper kind and free
This match I chooſe for thee,
A Shepherd's daughter of ſo mean degree,

If that by us you'll not be rul'd or led,
From our preſence you ſhall be baniſhed;
more we will you own,
For to be our ſon,
O let our will be done, or we'll end the ſtrife.

Madam, if I a begging with her ſhould go,
Contented ſhould I be in doing ſo,
So that I could but have,
The girl that I crave,
No curſed gold ſhall part my dear and me.

Was ſhe as poor as Job, and I of Royal Line,
And lord of all the globe, ſhe ſhould be mine;
His mother ſaid in ſcorn,
My ſon is noble born
And with a beggar's brat ſhall ne'er be join'd.

He hearing of his mother ſaying ſo,
Tears from his eyes like fountains did flow
A promiſe I have made,
Her heart I have betray'd,
No other for my bride you e'er ſhall ſee.

A ſnare then for her precious life ſhe laid,
And for to act the thing which ſhe then did,
With her Gardener ſhe agreed,
To do the bloody deed,
Her butcher for to be and dig her grave.

To the bloody Gardener ſhe gave eighty pound,
To murder her and lay her under ground;
All in a grave ſo deep,
In everlaſting ſleep,
That her fair body never might be found.

He wrote a letter and ſent it with ſpeed,
Saying my deareſt love, with haſte proceed,
Meet me to night my dear,
Something I will declare,
Poor ſoul ſhe little thinking of the deed.

She threw the letter down and run with ſpeed,
Thinking to meet her own true love indeed ;
She ſearch'd the Garden round,
But no true love ſhe found ?
At length the bloody Gardener did appear.

What buſineſs have you here madam I pray,
O are you come to rob my garden gay?
She ſaid no thief I am
I wait for a young man,
Who did appoint this night to meet me here.

He nothing more did ſay but took a knife,
And bid her ſtraight prepare to looſe her life,
She on her knees did fall
And to heaven did call,
O welcome, welcome, death, my fatal ſtroke,

Was this done, my dear, by your deſign ?
Or was it by your parents moſt unkind,
My life is thus betray'd ?
Farewell fond love ſhe ſaid,
I hope in heaven I a place ſhall find.

The bloody Gardener found her life was gone,
Dead in the ground he laid her body down :
With flowers fine and gay,
The grave did overlay,
Thinking her fair body never might be found.

This youthful Lord indeed did little know,
Next day to ſee his own true love did go :
No Shepherdeſs was there
All round the vallies fair,
The pretty lambs were wand'ring to and fro.

Lamenting for their tender ſhepherdeſs,
Then he laid him down upon the graſs,

The heavens he did implore
That he might see her once more,
O then ye Gods, says he, I shall be blest'd.

Where shall I go to find the angel bright,
She is the pleasure of my hearts delight;
Oh! if alive she be,
Once more let me her see,
Or else my soul shall quickly take the flight.

The woods and groves with him did seem to mourn,
The small birds they did sing a mournful tune
Saying, your true love is gone,
And you are left alone;
Then on a mossy bank he laid him down.

He had no sooner closed his eyes to rest,
But a milk white Dove did hover on his breast;
The fluttering wings did beat,
Which wak'd him from his sleep
And then the dove took flight and he was left.

To his mother's Garden he then did repair,
Where the Dove again he did see,
Sitting on a myrtle tree
With dropping wings it did sorrowful appear.

Thou Dove so innocent, why did you come,
O have you lost your mate as I have done,
No Shepherdess was there,
All round the vallies fair
The pretty Lambs were wand'ring to and fro.

And on the Virgin did seem to go,
Out of her milk white breast the blood did flow.

To the place it did repair,
But no true love was there;
Then frightened home to his mother he did go,
And told what unto him there did appear,

Saying, I fear you have killed my dear;
For a Dove I do declare,
Did all in blood appear,
And if she is dead I'll have my share.

His mother hearing of what he did say,
Did turn as pale as death and swooned away,
She in distraction run
And told him what she'd done,
And where the Virgin's body was laid.

He nothing more did say, but took a knife,
Farewell the joy and pleasure of my life;
He unto the garden flew,
And pierc'd his body through;
It was cursed gold that caused the strife.

These lovers in one silent tomb were laid,
And many a briny tear for them was paid,
The Gardener as we hear,
Was apprehended there,
And now all the three are in their silent grave.

The Sailor's Return to his Sweetheart.

HARK, how the wars call me away,
My deareſt dear I dare not ſtay,
For I am going to fight proud Spain,
Altho' I leave you love I dont complain.

Deareſt Johnny ſay not ſo,
I never can yield to let you go,
For if in wars you ſhould be ſlain,
I ſhould never, no, no never,
See my dear jewel again.

Take me on board my dear, ſaid ſhe,
Right well contented would I be,
Nor ſtorms nor dangers would I fear,
But I would venture boldly venture.
Into ſtrong battles with you my dear.

Amorous Molly charming fair,
To hear you talk I cannot bear,
For woman in wars frighted will be,
I am in hopes love I will return,
In great joy and kindneſs, my dear.

When the wars are all over and at peace,
I hope great joy it will increaſe.
Then I will return to my turtle dove,
With great pleaſure out of meaſure,
Telling ſuch prattling tales of love.

The Quaker's Courtſhip.

IF thou can'ſt love a friend;
He'll take it kind, ah,
I truly in the end,
Thou wilt ſweetly find ah, &c.
He'll give the a new gown,
With a purſe to this crown,
And kiſs thee up and down,
Like a ſtiff Quaker,
I am good fleſh and blood,
Damſel believe me,
Good as on legs e'er ſtood,
I'll ne'er deceive thee,
Oh! how thy beauty warms,
Good now reſign thy charms,
Into the glowing arms,
Of a ſtiff Quaker.

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